

THE OLD BACHELOR.

He is portly, but very erect.
And always—so somewhat dignified—
Artistic, and quite circumspect.
When it comes to a question of dress,
A lover of what and of class,
And a little inclined to be gay,
Yet I pity him, nevertheless—
The old bachelor over the way.

For I know when his life I dissect,
There is lack of the wifely care,
No children around him collect,
His home-coming nightly to bliss;
And to scan him again I confess
He's a trifle inclined to be gay,
In spite of his social success—
The old bachelor over the way.

And I feel my surmise is correct,
When I look at him closely and guess
That when he takes time to reflect
He misses the true happiness:
For the lack of a home will depress,
And his boyhood was happy, they say;
I fancy that dreams must oppress
The old bachelor over the way.

ENVOY.

What, married? This morning, no less,
For who shall King Cupid gain say?
Well, well, he is in distress—
The old bachelor over the way.
—Ernest McCaffrey, in Woman's Home Companion.



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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

And now the roar of the storm could be heard as the line of foam swept on over the darkened sea with frightful velocity. Louder and louder came the noise, and the surface of the water behind the advancing line was like a vast sheet of snow flattened down by the force of the wind.

Nearer and nearer came the ghastly line, while every man stood at his post in silence. Suddenly the captain roared:

"Hard up your wheel! Hard up!"
The two men who grasped the spokes had barely time to obey the order when, with shriek of wind and a rush of boiling water, the white line struck the bark and pressed her over until the yards touched the surface to leeward. The storm stayed and mainmasts were rent to ribbons, but the head sail held, and, as the stanch bark slowly righted, this caused her to pay slowly off, and she gathered headway at the same time. Slowly at first and then with increasing speed she bounded along before the hurricane.

And now the sea began to rise in all its majesty. The masses of water swept in wild waves before the hurricane, their crests blowing off into spray as they met the full force of the wind. After several efforts the crew succeeded in loosing a few inches of the foretopsail, and for awhile this held nobly. Then came a stronger puff than usual, and the sail was torn bodily from the bolt-ropes, disappearing in the gloom like some huge white bird.

There was nothing to be done but run before the gale, and, after sending the mate and half the crew below, the captain advised Tom and Avery to retire, which they did, somewhat reassured by the collected bearing of the skipper, who seemed to take it all as a matter of course, especially as the wind was sending his vessel just where he wished to go.

In this manner three days and nights passed, until it seemed to Tom that the world was made up of wind, waves and darkness.

On the fourth morning the wind began to abate and the sun appeared, enabling the captain to ascertain his position. He found that the Seabird had made 11 knots an hour during the entire period since the storm struck her, which caused his satisfaction to show itself in his round face unmistakably.

Sail was now made, and ten days later the Seabird was sailing proudly on the bosom of the Pacific, having rounded Cape Horn with the "greatest slant of wind" the old skipper had ever experienced. The vessel's head was pointed to the north, and Tom began to compute the days before they could hope to reach San Francisco.

CHAPTER III.

"I GIVE MY SHARE TO YOU."

Good luck and fair winds followed our adventurers until they reached the stormy Gulf of California, where an accident occurred which greatly affected Tom's future plans.

It was an hour before sunset and the two passengers were leaning over the stern watching the water fly swiftly under the counter, when a loud shout from aloft attracted their attention. Looking quickly up, they had barely time to spring aside when a heavy block struck the deck beside them with terrific force. A rope attached to it hit Tom's companion across the chest, sending him backwards. His heels met the wheel ropes and the next instant he struck the water astern and disappeared from Tom's sight.

It had all happened so quickly that he hardly realized what had occurred until the sailor aloft shouted:

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"
With the promptitude of a sailor the man at the wheel sprang to the rail and cut adrift the life preserver, which was always ready for use, and at the same time the captain rushed on deck and ordered the ship how to.

Then Tom tore off his coat and shoes and leaped over the rail before the captain could detain him.

Like most Cape Cod boys, he had learned to swim at an early age, and a pond in Merryvale had enabled him to indulge in the exercise in late years, so that when he came to the surface he felt no anxiety for himself, although the vessel was some distance away.

He struck out with all his might in the direction of the vessel's wake, and soon caught a glimpse of a white face ahead rising and falling on the waves.

"Keep up till I reach you!" he shouted to encourage Avery, who was fully 50 yards away.

There was no reply, and when Tom was within a dozen strokes of his friend the latter suddenly threw up his arms and began to sink.

Tom reached the spot just in time to grasp his hair and drag him to the surface, where he lay utterly unconscious and unable to assist himself. Tom supported him as best he could, but his clothes soon began to drag him down, and his limbs felt like lead. He was nearly spent when something white swept before his eyes on the top of a sea, and he saw that it was the life-buoy. With a last effort he struck out and succeeded in grasping it.

In the meantime the Seabird had been brought to the wind and a boat lowered with all possible speed, but it was a slow operation at best, and the craft was a half mile distant before the boat struck the water with Capt. Coffin in her stern. Although the buoy supported Tom easily he found it no easy task to keep the unconscious man's head above the surface, and when the boat reached them he was pulled from the water in a state of utter exhaustion.

Avery showed no signs of life, and when the vessel was reached he was taken to his berth, where the old captain gradually resuscitated him, Tom having changed his clothes in the meantime and regained the use of his limbs.

When he reached the stateroom he was shocked at his friend's fate. There was a look there which comes but once to humanity, and which froze the words on his tongue.

"Scott, sit down," said the old miner. "I can see by your face what you read in mine. I have no time to waste. I'm a dying man, Scott. Something has given out inside and my time is up. Don't interrupt me, please. I must tell you something while I have time."

He paused an instant to press his hand to his side, saying:

"When that hit me something snapped in here. I think a rib is sticking into my lungs. Take off my belt, Scott. Hurry up! Don't stop to ask questions now!"

Tom obeyed, and with trembling fingers the dying man drew forth a folded bit of paper, whispering:

"It's yours, and it means a fortune to you! Get me a pen and paper and then write what I tell you!"

His request was soon complied with, and with a faint voice he dictated:

"I, John Avery, being about to die, give my share in the gold mine discovered by my partner, Dick Reed, to the bearer, Thomas Scott, who has risked his life for mine twice."

When this unique will was on paper he added:

"Give me the pen. There needn't be any witnesses. Dick Reed knows my fist, and he's as square as a die. This paper is a map to tell me how to reach the mine. It's a secret trail leads to it, and only three men know of it. You will rich if you live to reach it. Trust no one, but go by yourself. Take the money in my belt, too, and use it as you please. You may find my brother Bill at the mine. He was sent for, too. You'll get my share."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted him, and before it ended the handkerchief he pressed to his lips was stained with his life blood.

Tom hastily summoned the captain, but the old miner sank into an unconscious state, and before morning Tom was the only living occupant of the little stateroom.

But behind the thin partition which separated it from the mate's room sat that worthy himself with a look of triumph on his evil face.

"There were no witnesses, and what is to prevent my being Mr. Tom Scott and becoming a mine owner," he muttered to himself. "I must have that paper if I have to kill him to get it!"

On the following day the remains of the old miner were consigned to the deep, and as Tom saw the weighted canvas disappear beneath the blue waters, his grief outweighed every other sentiment and drove all thoughts of his inheritance from his head. He had grown to love the rugged old man like a brother, and it was the first time he had been brought face to face with death.

That night as he was about to retire, he remembered the slip of paper given him by his dying friend, and which he had not yet examined. He had placed it in the belt and tossed the latter into his chest at the time, and a huge lump swelled in his throat now as he lifted the lid and drew it forth.

Carefully arranged in the various compartments were bills to the amount of \$5,000, and these he transferred to his own belt at once. The paper was evidently torn from a blank book, and contained these lines in a bold hand:

"Old Partner: If you haven't forgotten the old days and the bargain we made, come out and share my find with me. I have struck it rich. I have written to Bill. I have a new chum with me, too. Come to Dyes and take the old Dillon trail. No one uses it now. It goes just west of Arkell lake and runs straight for Fort Selkirk. It's almost dead north by the compass. About 50 miles before it reaches the fort it splits off to the left. A big white cliff faces the trail. You can't mistake it. The main trail keeps on to the right. Take the other. It only goes about 20 miles and leaves you at the entrance of a big gorge. Camp there and make a big smoke. If you have to bring anyone to help, be sure of your man. We have grub enough to last till spring, and then my partner, Joe Tarbox, is coming to Dyes for supplies. He'll get there in April or May, I expect. There is gold here by the ton if we only had water to wash it out. I am sending this from the fort by an Indian packer. Come here after candles and flour. Your old friend."

"DICK TAYLOR."

Tom's heart was beating like a trip-hammer as he finished the letter, for he now realized that the old miner's words were not of light import. The note bore the imprint of truth in every line, and for awhile he could scarcely realize what he had read.

He had no suspicion that the mate was at that moment gluing his eye to a crack in the bulkhead and vainly trying to get a glimpse of the paper of which he had heard the dying man speak the night before. In his villainous heart, he had sworn that Tom Scott should never grasp the golden treasure, but how to prevent him was the question. Clearly he must obtain possession of the precious paper, but how was this to be done?

His peephole was too small to enable him to tell where Tom kept it, but as he heard the lid of the chest closed he drew a long breath and muttered:

"It's in his donkey! I'll find a way to have a peep inside of it before we get to Frisco. He'll never do to trouble it now. He'd suspect me the first thing of he missed it. I must rig some kind of a derick on him, that's sure!"

For the next few days he caged his brains for some safe means of attaining his ends, but without success. Then chance did what he had failed to do.

"Land ho!" was the welcome cry from aloft one morning just after sunrise, while the captain and second mate were asleep, the mate was stumping the deck and Tom, who had turned out earlier than usual, was standing on the topgallant forecabin watching a school of fish play about the bows. He ran up the forelegging at once to catch a glimpse of the welcome sight.

"Now's my time," said the mate, under his breath, as Tom went over the foretop and began to swarm up the toptmast rigging. "He'll go clean up to the man on the 'gallant yard before he sees it!"

The next moment he had stolen softly down the cabin stairs, entered Tom's room and tried the lid of the chest.

To his surprise it was not locked, and there on top, half hidden by the sleeve of an old coat, lay John Avery's belt before him. His fingers trembled as with feverish haste he pulled it open, and then a furious oath came through his bristling beard.

The belt was empty!

A rapid search convinced him that the object he sought was not in the chest, and hastily rearranging the articles as he had found them he closed the lid and stepped out of the room to meet Capt. Coffin face to face in the narrow passage.

"What are you doing in there?" demanded the latter.

"We're going to wash decks and the porthole was open," he stammered. "I just stepped down to close it."

Whatever comment the old skipper was about to make was interrupted by



"I must tell you something while I have time."

the man aloft, who again gave that long drawn out, indescribable cry, so dear to the sailor's heart:

"Land ho!"

The captain forgot everything else instantly and sprang on deck at once, exclaiming:

"It's the Golden Gate or I'm a lubber! I've made a record passage this time for the old bark! We're only 98 days from Boston and we'll keep it down to two figures if the wind holds and have a day to spare! Slap the canvas on her, Mr. Rider! There's letters and fresh grub waiting for us over the starboard bow! Sweat her for all she's worth!"

His orders were promptly obeyed, and as Tom reached the deck and came aft the captain added:

"We'll soon be ashore, Mr. Scott. If my reckoning's right, that is the entrance to Frisco harbor and we ought to be tied up alongside the dock to-night. You've never been there, have you?"

Tom replied in the negative and the captain continued:

"Well, see here. I don't know how you're fixed, but I always live aboard when I'm in port. It's cheaper and I keep a good cook by her. If you like you can stay with me and it won't cost you a red. I've made a rattling trip and you are welcome."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I'll do so until I start north. I shall be glad to have a familiar face with me. This is my first trip, you know."

"He's going to live aboard," chuckled Obed Rider, who was standing close by, "and it'll be queer if he doesn't run into trouble coming down through Tar flat some dark night. Things are coming my way all right. The fool must carry that paper somewhere about him and I can easily find some one to help me in the job."

Without the slightest suspicion of what was passing in the mate's mind Tom watched him bustling about the deck and congratulated himself that in a short time he would see the last of the red-faced sailor who had brought the only taint of disgrace into his life.

Early that evening the Seabird was anchored in the magnificent harbor of San Francisco, and the long voyage was over.

CHAPTER IV.

WAYLAIN AND ROBBED.

When Tom Scott went ashore in Frisco he found the city was Klondike mad. On every hand were huge posters calling attention to the superior merits of some particular recipe to the fields of gold, and men of all walks in life were straining every nerve

to be among the first to reach the Yukon with the advent of spring. Several steamers were loading at the piers, but every inch of space on board had been engaged months ahead. After consulting with Capt. Coffin he determined to go by rail to Seattle and thence to luck to secure a passage from that port.

He made no mention of the singular secret bestowed upon him by the old miner, but frankly told the captain of the money he had received from the same source, and the latter promptly gave him some good advice.

"Better not be drifting round Frisco with all that stuff in your pocket," he said. "I've got a good little safe here and you're welcome to use it. There's some desperate characters on the water front here, and plenty of 'em would kill a man ten times over for half your pile. They've all got the gold fever now. My second mate is going to leave me. He's got it, too. Hope the mate doesn't follow suit."

Tom was wise enough to listen to the warning and left the larger part of his money in the safe, but he kept the two precious papers in his money belt, a proceeding which he was to regret very soon.

He found there was a special excursion advertised to leave the following morning, and was just in time to secure a ticket. After taking in the sights of the city during the afternoon he procured his supper in a restaurant and decided to spend the evening at a theater, for it must be remembered that he was country reared and with few rare exceptions, when he had visited Boston, a theater had been beyond his reach.

He thoroughly enjoyed the performance and started down toward the water front when it was finished without a thought of any danger as he strode rapidly along the well-lighted thoroughfares. While he is thus engaged let us take a look at Obed Rider, the villainous mate of the Seabird, and see how his schemes are progressing.

While Tom was watching the foot-light favorites Obed Rider was sitting in a little drinking saloon near the wharf where the Seabird had been docked. Before him was a bottle of liquor and a glance at his face was sufficient to show that he had been indulging deeply. His small, bloodshot eyes were fixed upon vacancy, and he was apparently meditating deeply.

"He'll be off to-morrow," he muttered, savagely, "and then my chance is gone. I must have those papers and money enough to get an outfit. I don't get anyone to lend me a hand, for then the cat would be out of the bag. If I had that paper the old man give him what to hinder my going and claiming to be Mr. Scott? There's a fortune in it, but it's ugly business."

Filling his glass again he drained it at a gulp as if trying to screw up his courage to the necessary point for some resolve. Then he looked at his watch and said:

"Ten o'clock. No time to lose. First to see if he is on board yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKING FRENCH LEAVE.

France still adheres to the Old Custom of Expelling Obnoxious Visitors.

William Le Queux, the novelist, was ordered to leave France because he wrote some letters to the London Daily Mail on the bad drainage and other drawbacks of the Riviera. Victims of expulsion are often journalists. The expulsions are not always effected in such a courteous manner as in the case of Mr. Le Queux. The common plan is to rouse the victim from his slumbers at a very early hour by an urgent and, needless to say, fictitious summons from a friend, who begs him to come instantly with the messenger. In nine cases out of ten the appeal is answered with alacrity, but no sooner has the unsuspecting man set foot on the pavement than he is pounced upon by a couple of plain-clothes detectives, bundled into a cab, galloped off to one of the railway termini, and then put into a train for the frontier he prefers. His captors accompany him to the limits of French territory, where they abandon him to his fate, after first reading out to him the terms of the expulsion warrant, and explaining the pains and penalties he will incur should he ever again be tempted into revisiting France. Meanwhile the man's friends and relatives in Paris are racking their brains to account for his unaccountable disappearance, the first intimation they receive of the true cause being his telegram from Brussels, or it may be, Dover or Bern. Sometimes the expelled one spends the rest of his days in vituperating and holding up to ridicule the country that has thus spurned him.

The average orthodox Englishman fancies that these things can happen only in France, or, at any rate, on the continent; but, as a matter of fact, there was a time, and that not so very long ago, when it was no uncommon thing for the government of England to resort to precisely similar measures, and to prove it the Sketch reproduces an order for the expulsion of M. Belcombe, signed by George III.—London Sketch.

Awkward.

A Scotch minister was once catechizing his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a girl whose father kept a public house. "What is your name?" queried the minister. But there was no reply. The question was repeated, and then, to the amusement of the congregation, the girl answered: "Name of your fun, Mr. Minister. Ye ken my name well enough. D'ye no say, when ye come to our house on a night: 'Bet, bring me some ale?'—Spare Moments."

Absolutely Safe.

"I never like to attract attention," she said.
"You never will," answered her dearest friend.—Chicago Post.

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TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 25, 1906.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.			
EASTWARD.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Toledo Cherry St. Lv.	7:15	1:20	4:00
Oak Harbor.....	8:10	2:15	5:00
Frederick.....	9:05	3:10	6:00
Clyde.....	10:00	4:05	7:00
Bellevue.....	10:55	5:00	8:00
Monroville.....	11:50	6:00	9:00
Warren.....	12:45	7:00	10:00
Massillon.....	1:40	8:00	11:00
Valley Junction.....	2:35	9:00	12:00
Sherrillville.....	3:30	10:00	1:00
Bowerson.....	4:25	11:00	2:00
Selo.....	5:20	12:00	3:00
Brilliant.....	6:15	1:00	4:00
Miner Jet.....	7:10	2:00	5:00
Stewart.....	8:05	3:00	6:00
Marlin's Ferry.....	9:00	4:00	7:00
Wheeling.....	10:00	5:00	8:00
Union Depot.....	11:00	6:00	9:00
Cherry St.....	12:00	7:00	10:00
WESTWARD.	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6
Wheeling.....	7:30	10:15	3:45
Marlin's Ferry.....	8:30	11:15	4:45
Stewart.....	9:30	12:15	5:45
Miner Jet.....	10:30	1:15	6:45
Brilliant.....	11:30	2:15	7:45
Selo.....	12:30	3:15	8:45
Bowerson.....	1:30	4:15	9:45
Sherrillville.....	2:30	5:15	10:45
Valley Junction.....	3:30	6:15	11:45
Sherrillville.....	4:30	7:15	12:45
Warren.....	5:30	8:15	1:45
Massillon.....	6:30	9:15	2:45
Frederick.....	7:30	10:15	3:45
Oak Harbor.....	8:30	11:15	4:45
Toledo Cherry St.....	9:30	12:15	5:45
Union Depot.....	10:30	1:15	6:45
Cherry St.....	11:30	2:15	7:45

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